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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TO VICTOR HUGO

Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!
Who dost not love our England — so they say;
I know not — England, France, all man to be
Will make one people ere man's race be run;
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy my son.

In Nineteenth Century — 1877 —*Alfred Tennyson*

ANSWER OF VICTOR HUGO

I read your splendid lines with emotion.
It is a reflection of glory that you send me.
How should I not love England, which produces men like you! the England of Wilberforce, the England of Milton and of Newton! the England of Shakespeare!
France and England are a single nation to me, as truth and liberty are a single light. I believe in the human unity as I believe in the divine unity.

—*Letters of Victor Hugo*
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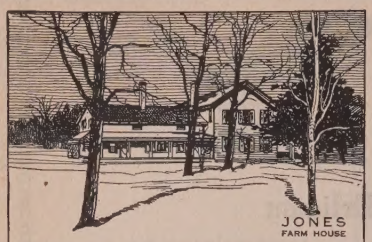

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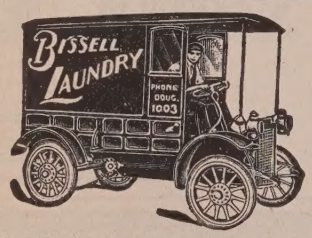

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1915. NUMBER 11

A CHARACTERIZATION OF THE FRENCH.

The English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light. The levity
Is in the judgment only, which yet stands;
For, say a foolish thing but oft enough
(And here's the secret of a hundred creeds,
Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By reiteration chiefly), the same thing
Shall pass at last for absolutely wise,
And not with fools exclusively. And so
We say the French are light, as if we said
The cat mews, or the milch-cow gives us milk:
Say, rather, cats are milked, and milch-cows mew;
For what is lightness but inconsequence,
Vague fluctuation 'twixt effect and cause,
Compelled by neither? Is a bullet light,
That dashes from the gun-mouth, while the eye
Winks and the heart beats one, to flatten itself
To a wafer on the white speck on a wall
A hundred paces off? Even so direct,
So sternly undivertible of aim,
Is the French people.

All idealists,
Too absolute and earnest, with them all
The idea of a knife cuts real flesh;
And still, devouring the safe interval
Which nature placed between the thought and act
With those too fiery and impatient souls,
They threaten conflagration to the world,
And rush with most unscrupulous logic on
Impossible practice. Set your orators
To blow upon them with loud, windy mouths,
Through watchword phrases, jest, or sentiment,
Which drive our burly brutal English mobs,
Like so much chaff, which ever way they blow,—
This light French people will not thus be driven.
They turn indeed; but then they turn upon
Some central pivot of their thought and choice,
And veer out by the force of holding fast.
That's hard to understand, for Englishmen
Unused to abstract questions, and untrained
To trace the involutions, valve by valve,
In each orbed bulb-root of a general truth
And mark what subtly fine integument
Divides opposed compartments. Freedom
Comes concrete to us, to be understood,
Fixed in a feudal form incarnately
To suit our ways of thought and reverence;
The special form, with us, being still the thing.

* * * *

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
Forever, after some ideal good,
Some equal poise of sex, some unvowed love
Inviolate, some spontaneous brotherhood,
Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
Some freedom of the many that respects
The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!
Sublime to dream so; natural to wake;
And sad to use such lofty scaffoldings,
Erected for the building of a church,
To build, instead, a brothel or a prison.
May God save France!

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

From "Aurora Leigh," Sixth Book.

A correspondent writes from Ann Arbor, Mich.: "Heard Sunday night the grand David Starr Jordan on 'The Last Cost of War.'" May this educator with a mission, this teacher with a vision, be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Here is an opportunity to make dynamic investments in the interest of Peace. Let Dr. Jordan be sent around.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America will be held this year in Columbus, Ohio, December 8-10. Among the special commissions that report will be that of the Commission on Church and Country Life, of which Gifford Pinchot is chairman. The speakers include the Reverends Charles O. Gill, Fred B. Smith and Harry F. Ward and other leaders. President Wilson will be the speaker on Friday evening on The Rural Church. Something good ought to come from the discussion of such a subject by such men.

The appended notice will touch many hearts with sincere sorrow. Kowaliga is a name very well known to the friends of the colored race and the educational institutions that serve so effectively in their second emancipation that will free them from the fetters of ignorance and the subserviency that goes therewith. Mr. Benson was one of the pioneers and inherited a great task and devoted his life to it, and many there are of all shades of color who will keep a tender place in their hearts ever green to his memory.

The strenuous fight for life of our beloved Founder of Kowaliga School and Dixie Industrial Co. ended on

Sunday Morning, October Tenth.

For three months a complication of diseases, evading the skill of the best medical and surgical physicians in Alabama, had been wearing and tearing down his iron constitution. His will, courage and hope never failed until the last, and on Sunday morning at six o'clock, with the chimes of the morning services, he departed peacefully, to rest from his labors well done.

Trustees Kowaliga School.

Emerson somewhere suggests that if you want a fresh and striking realization of the beauty of any landscape take a look at it from between your legs head downward. We venture to suggest that the same surprising result can be obtained by reading any local paper intensively when away from home. The Editor of UNITY is "on the circuit" in Iowa this week, and between his "Talks on Peace" has taken time to enjoy the "local papers" for just one day, and he finds his mind greatly "improved" and spirit quickened by the process. There are plenty of refreshing items that arouse, comfort and inspire.——Iowa owns more automobiles than any other State in the Union. The registration expects to reach 160,000 machines for the current year.——The Congregational churches of Iowa are entering upon an efficiency and membership campaign throughout the State.——The boys are picking violets in Dallas County and eating strawberries in Boone County, and it is November.—Why go to California?——The Ottumwa *Review* remembers that Argentina has learned how to build its school houses without stairs and thus avoid the recent Peabody disaster. Iowa might do likewise only its school boards are so slow to grasp a new idea.——Des Moines is entertaining over 4,000 school teachers at its annual State Teachers' Association, the largest ever held, and Chancellor David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, President Bryan of the Indiana State University, an another President Bryan of Colgate are among the speakers.——Farm lands are selling in the interior of Iowa for from $150 to $250 per acre.——A great corn show is in progress in Des Moines. Raymond McDermott of Pottawattamie County is to receive a gold medal from the Governor as the best corn grower in Iowa. A ten-year-old received a prize over sixty competitors for the best corn bread.——Des Moines women are selling their "old junk" for the benefit of the "Suffrage Fund." Two hundred and seventy-five bags filled with the remains of house cleaning have been accumulated and one lady's barn is full of cast-off bedsteads, bureaus and chairs, which are to be sold at auction.——The fire department of Cherokee went by auto fifteen miles to help a farmer put out the fire in a barn filled with baled hay. Much of the hay was saved and the building was but slightly damaged.——An Iowa farmer has left the bulk of his estate, $50,000, to various activities of the United Brethren Church, of which he was a devoted member.——Senator Cummings is said to be taking a "midway" position on the "Preparedness" question, which is said to be a "western attitude" on the matter!——An Iowa "speeder" was allowed to go unfined because he owned up like a man and did not try to lie out of it.——The "Grinnell" team went to meet their ancient foe of "Drake" at Des Moines on Saturday with special trains and brass bands. Practically the entire student body and faculty were aboard.——There is much more of this kind in one issue of a local paper that sets the mind going and the heart beating rhythmically. If life grows "stale, flat and unprofitable" in a big city, take a train and go out not less than a hundred miles in any direction, to a small but comfortable hotel in a small town and read intensively the local papers for twenty-four hours and you will return to your job rested and restored. Try it! We have tried it often and find it is always worth while.

To Woodrow Wilson, President

(*An Open Letter.*)

My Dear Mr. Wilson:

I am one of the many thousands who have rejoiced in the wise administration of your office in these most troublous times. We have admired your high diplomatic skill. We have trusted you in your pacific declarations and we have rested in your non-militant spirit.

Profound then is our disappointment in your recent utterances and your espousal of what seems to us a vast non-democratic scheme for an uncalled for enlargement of our army and navy and what is still more repugnant to the spirit of democracy, the militarizing of our youth in schools, colleges and civil life. We believe the scheme is financally wasteful and ethically unsound. It lowers our democratic standards and violates the traditions of our republic.

You may well say there is no cause for alarm. Why then this sad relapse into a militancy from which we have so slowly emerged? We have demonstrated our ability to hold our place in the love and confidence of the nations of the earth for over a hundred years with an insignificant army and navy judged by European standards.

"Preparedness" as a peace measure is now being proved on the battle fields of Europe as being a gigantic fallacy.

You have recently demonstrated the better way. You have achieved the only decisive victory of the war, and that by diplomacy and not by battleships and bayonets. You have brought Germany to the right relations without the shedding of blood.

Multitudes of your friends grieve with me over this harking back to the statesmanship of force rather than forging forward to the international organization of the world on a basis of law and order, when all disputes between nations, as between individuals, will be adjudicated by competent courts of law and the findings of such courts will be enforced, when necessary, by an adequate international police force on land and sea.

We had fondly hoped, dear Mr. Wilson, that you

were the providential President to lead our country in this great constructive work. But if we are to lose your leadership the cause of the pacific adjustment of international disputes cannot be lost. American youths are not going to lend themselves to an idle militancy in prospects of wars which their intelligence assures them can be avoided in better ways than by the murdering of the innocent.

When the issue is made plain there can be but little doubt as to where the United States, the land of free churches, of public schools, the composite of all the nations of the globe, will stand.

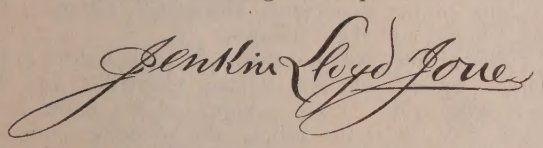
If this last sadly surprising movement of yours will help bring the issue to the clear we may yet have occasion to bless you for it. Psychology and history alike clearly prove that armaments are always irritants. Now is the golden opportunity for the United States to call a halt in this mad race in the manufacture of instruments of destruction. Our lead should be for a reduction, not expansion, of armaments.

Are the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes workable in international affairs? No one can answer. They have never been given a fair trial.

It is time that the alleged followers of the "Prince of Peace" should give him their belated allegiance in this matter or else cease their weak-kneed hypocrisy.

With profound sympathy with you in your trying position I remain,

Yours with great respect,



Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Nov. 9, 1915.

"Calliope Marsh" Leaves Friendship Village

It is hard to think of Zona Gale as a distinct personality separated from her *alter ego,* Calliope Marsh, who through her wit and her loving heart has moulded "Friendship Village" into a finer fellowship, more sensitive sympathies and higher life generally for these several years.

But at last "Calliope" has gone away from her home, or rather Zona Gale has escaped from Friendship Village, where she has been so successfully enshrined by the readers of "Friendship Village," "Neighborhood Stories," etc., etc. In "Heart's Kindred," her last book, recently issued by the Macmillan Company, the gentle, retiring advocate of woman's suffrage, social service and the disarmament of the nations, has suddenly become a wild Westerner. Her hero in this story appears belted and spurred, with revolver and bowie knife and plenty of ammunition, a mountaineer, a miner, the prospector and general "come-outer" from the social order. The heroine is equally irregular, born with an uncertain ancestry, with very certain wild, rough saloon surroundings, but with an incorruptible heart and a spirit rendered immune from all that is coarse and degrading by love's protection.

The plot is exciting, rapid, crowded into a short story of two hundred and thirty-four pages. The story moves in seven-leagued boots and strides across the continent from the Pacific shores, touches Chicago long enough to give a realistic picture of its smoky atmosphere, its composite population and heartless intensity, and then lands in Washington in the midst of an international peace conclave where the hero is stripped of his weapons, cured of his militancy, and the womanly heart of the heroine rises by virtue of her sympathies into a cosmopolitanism that makes war in all its phases hideous. The simple intuition of a woman's soul exposes without argument the coarseness of the belligerency that in this twentieth century of the Christian era still thinks of "preparedness" and "security" in terms of cannon, battleships and gunpowder.

This story is what we presume it was meant to be, one more "Tract for the Times," a protest against war, an appeal for woman's rightful place in the state, an arraignment of the brood of brutalities and rascalities fostered by our civlilization.

Those who have known the gentle and shy Zona Gale, who have listened to the sweetness of her voice and the persuasiveness of her sentences, are forcefully reminded in this book of what they ought to have known before, that Miss Gale's pen is held by a sinewy hand, that Peace finds in her a stalwart, unconquerable spirit.

If the readers of today are in search of the "sissys" and "mollycoddles" of which we hear so much, they will find them amongst the sentimentalists who still shiver with anxiety and fear when uncased with the outgrown metal armor of the old-fashioned knight who felt undressed and of mean presence without his sword and helmet and the much vaunted "harness" worn by the obsolete chivalry. A careful measurement of the armor made to fit these heroes now found in our museums shows that they were for undersized, flat-chested and spindle-legged specimens compared with the average man of today who lives in a house unsurrounded by moats and unprotected by the portcullis, living in an unturreted house, without "lookouts" or gatekeeper's lodge. In such homes wives and children live more safely than in the olden days.

The present writer is one who has sometimes urged "Calliope" to take a trip away from "Friendship Village." We are glad of this bold adventure of the quiet genius of Portage, Wis., into the big outside

world. It proves that genius is at home with all sorts and conditions of men. She handles the horse well and in this story is "no slouch" with the revolver, and she is quite at home where the international delegates meet on the higher levels in the nation's capital.

"Heart's Kindred" is a book that will be read with avidity by all the friends of "Calliope Marsh." They will miss something, aye, much, but they will find much to ponder over in the story itself and more to be expected as one reads between the lines. "The Inger's" visit to the Chicago Employment Office leads him to exclaim, "My God, I wish I could do something for 'em!" . . . "Seems as if it'd help if I'd canter in and shoot every one of 'em dead." Where is the man or woman who has entered into the secrets of the torn and burdened hearts which Chicago shelters and fosters in these awful places who has not felt at times like saying amen to this short cut out of misery.

But the resident of Chicago, if he stays in the misery long enough, concluded with Lory, "There *is* some other way besides killin'!" and the most militant in the end must catch a glimpse of that way and confess with "the Inger," "I guess there *must* be some other way!"

"The Unknown Sea"

A Child's Poem to Her Father In France

An article on "Playing with Children" appeared in the London *Times* of August 11. Some days later the writer of it received a letter from an officer at the front, enclosing some verses written by his ten-year-old daughter and sent "To Dad Mobilized." The father expressed the hope that the little rhyme might touch a note for the writer of the charming article on "the essence of success at pretending," as the article did for one serving somewhere in France. The verses are as follows:

We sailed along, and we sailed along,
Singing our song and singing our song,
The song of the unknown sea,
Just you and me, Dad, just you and me.

We sailed along, amid fairy isles,
And brought our booty in glowing piles,
Booty that none else could see,
'Twas only for you, Dad, and only for me.

We were passed by birds with jeweled wing,
Birds that only for us could sing;
Rubies fell from an emerald tree,
They were only for you, Dad, and only for me.

Strangers could never our sea explore;
No one could land on our magic shore;
Everything we could hear or see
Was only for you, Dad, and only for me.

On our unknown sea was never a storm,
Nor anything else that could do us harm,
It was all as happy as happy could be,
Happy for you, Dad, and happy for me.

Though on our lake we may not float,
Side by side in our little boat,
In dreams we sail on our unknown sea
That is only for you, Dad, and only for me.

Our Dumb Animals.

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

IV.

"Why Love France?"

Sermon Preached October 17, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

Prayer.

Make us citizens of the world this morning, Father, by touching our hearts with love for all thy struggling children, by quickening our minds with an appreciation of all the tribes of earth that have stumbled toward the light, groped toward love, and out of their failures have made stepping stones upon which those who come after them may climb a little nearer to the goal, the home and hope of man. Make us simple, sincere, earnest. Help us to see through the sham and glitter of the hour, and plant our feet on the everlasting rock of duty, justice, freedom and progress which thou dost ever vouchsafe to thy seeking children. Amen.

Sermon.

Why do I love France? It is not for me to speak with authority, however appreciative I may be of the place of France in art, in science, in letters, albeit to call the mere roll of the French contributors to civilization is like reading one of Walt Whitman's poems. It is to find oneself enriched, quickened, stirred beyond any power of explanation.

Think of the French artists, Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, Rosa Bonheur, Ary Scheffer, Meissonier, Jerome, Bougereau, Dupré and Millet.

Think of her musicians, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Berlioz, Chopin and their fellows.

Think of her great novelists and contributors to permanent letters, Dumas, Balzac, Corneille, and Moliere, who said: "I see a king, but his name is not Louis XIV—it is the people, the sovereign people,—a word as great as eternity." Think of Fontaine, Bossuet, Theirry. Think of Michelet, the Roman Catholic, who gave his literary skill to write a standard life of the heretic Luther. Think of Guizot, the historian, and of Taine, who has out-Englished the Englishman in his interpretation and appreciation of English literature.

Equally stirring and thrilling to the informed mind is the list of the fathers of sociology, the pioneers of socialism, Fourier, Prudhon, Louis Blanc and De Tocqueville, who for generations, if not up to the present day, offered the best interpretation of the government of the United States. Ponder over the names of the great scientists and philosophers, Buffon, Auguste Comte, Victor Cousin, Condorcet, Berthelot, the greatest chemist of the age, Milne Edwards, Charcot, who made his great contribution to psychotherapy, the study of hysteria, hynotism, etc., and Leverrier the mathematician, who discovered the planet Neptune by mathematical processes alone. All these were French.

Think of the splendid pioneers in the realm of scholarship. It was Champollion who, in deciphering the Rosetta Stone, gave to civilization the key that unlocked the mystic lore of the elder Egypt. Anquetil du Perron, a college-bred lad, only nineteen years of age, read that some English merchants had brought

home from India a "dead book," a bible that was absolutely silent because all those who loved it and could read it were dead. With the ardent, prophetic nature characteristic of the French, this boy student, already saturated in Oriental study, said it could not be that the belief of a people so far developed as to formulate a bible could pass out of the world. So, penniless and friendless, taking counsel only from within, guided only by genius and the inspirations that trust it, he tore himself away from the University of Paris and enlisted under a fictitious name in a French regiment that was to do service in India. Hoping to secure passage to India, trusting Providence for an opportunity of deserting at the desired time, he started out in search of a buried language and a disproof of the insinuation that humanity was made up of such careless stuff that it would permit the religion of a great people to pass out of life and existence. Then something happened which I fear could have happened in no other place on the globe. We can hardly think of the United States, boastful as it is of its republicanism, as doing otherwise than sending an officer to arrest and bring home for discipline a man who had enlisted under a fictitious name. But the French Government said, if such a great spirit has possessed the boy, it is for us to encourage it. So he was released from soldier duty with an order on the government insuring sufficient money to proceed in his search. He went to India, and for eight long years he struggled with disease, superstition and distrust, the greatest opposition arising from the fear on the part of the guardians of the obscure book he was seeking that the Christians would prove treacherous and that they would not treat this religious treasure worthily. But at last he conquered their distrust and came back with the key to their bible. With the ardor of a Frenchman, instead of going home to Paris, he must needs go first to Oxford and examine the "dead book" to see if he could read it, and he could. Retiring again from the world, leading the obscure life of a recluse, he spent eight years more in preparing a grammar of the Zend language which, when published, was received with cold disdain by scholastic Europe. The brave French scholar died under the suspicion that he was a fraud or that he had been imposed upon. One black spot on the high fame of England's greatest scholar in this realm of research, Sir William Jones, is that he lent himself to the ridicule and the discounting of this great achievement. But subsequent research justified Du Perron's discovery, and now for a pittance we can buy the Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Parsi, which contains the accredited records of the life and message of Zoroaster.

Let us not forget that we owe to French insight and courage this contribution to the intellectual and spiritual life of Europe and America.

The adventures of France in the discovery of the world offer a thrilling study. This western continent attracted the Spanish explorers in search of gold, in quest of the Eldorado or the fountain of youth. England came for territory, but France came in the interest of the Cross and took possession of the New World for Christianity. The French explorers dotted our map with evidences of their consecration to an ideal. The earlier Frenchmen were not concerned with sordid greed or coarse savagery. Open the atlas of this country anywhere and you will find such names as Marquette, La Salle, Hennepin, Tonti, St. Louis, St. Paul, St. Charles, St. Joseph, St. Lawrence, and most of these names were placed there by French adventurers in the interest of an ideal. They commemorate men who were, in truth and deed, priests of Christianity, consecreated to the Gospel of love.

France has not been wanting in thinkers, bold investigators, radicals if you will, representing the radicalism that seeks the root of things, not the uprooting of things, as radicalism is still too often interpreted. In the twelfth century Bernard of Clairvaux gathered around him the studious. John Calvin builded on his achievements, and then followed Abelard, with his romantic contributions both to religious freedom and to literature. Hallam says in his "Middle Ages" that from the fourth to the twelfth century there was no permanent contribution to literature. From Boethieus to the Letters of Abelard and Heloise there is nothing to break the awful literary silence of the Dark Ages. These letters ushered in the new era of literature.

So I must love France in spite of the distressing stories of her innumerable Louises and Francises, the long, tempestuous line of profligate and wicked kings, for France, through it all, has stood for an ideal that was forging ahead toward democracy. Over against the dogmatic Bernard stands Abelard, the champion of academic freedom, the first man in medieval times to break from monastic standards. It was his wont in Paris to lecture on astronomy, philosophy, poetry, art and literature; indeed, as one biographer says, "upon everything under the sun as well as theology." He drew about him a student body that numbered at one time five thousand. Here is as good a place as anywhere to place the beginning of the modern university. It began in the lecture assembly that gathered around Abelard, which led to what he called the "Paraclete," the "Comforter." The students built for him a stone house while they contented themselves with brush bivouacs and rude shacks.

Let me say the same thing over again, but trying to state it a little more clearly. I love France because it is the home of the dreamer, and to call the names of these dreamers is sufficient to compel even us English readers to love France. To listen to this roll-call is to be ushered into the company of thinking leaders, revivifying, inspiring, daring pioneers of thought. Among these were Chateaubriand, Madame De Staël, Voltaire, Rousseau and Lamennais, who unfrocked himself and ordered that when he died he should be buried in a plain box and carried to the pauper's trench on a dray. He prohibited priests to speak any words over his body that he might more effectively emphasize his protest against the tyranny of priests and better serve the democracy in which he believed. Victor Hugo, Millet, Renan, Charles Wagner, and to hark still further back, Diderot, Maribeau, Racine, all represent a unique category in the history of civilization. Other nations have had their dreamers, but dreaming has scarcely been the characteristic of other nations as it has been of France. France, like other nations, has been steeped in violence and drenched in blood. But the French revolutionary masters in all times have been led into the fiery vortices not by tyrants but by poets. Mark the difference! Not by those who were seeking conquest, but by those who would champion liberty, and if need be flood the world with blood in the interest of freedom.

To call the roll of the dreamers is a work clearly beyond me or my own knowledge. But let one of our own poets interpret for us one of the pioneer dreamers in France, albeit an humble dreamer in pottery, an idealist who dreamed of the cup from which you drank your coffee this morning, a cup finished with an enamel hard and white, smooth and enduring. Palissy, the potter, occupies but a thumb spot in that radiant line of French dreamers into whose triumphs we have entered.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This potter working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose fugut lines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman—as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

* * * *

Oh Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates.

Thus has Longfellow condensed the story of perchance the humblest of the French dreamers. I ask you to translate this poem into a description of the shining line of spiritual leaders whom France offers to our study. Says one author of Victor Hugo, "He filled the nineteenth century with his personality as Voltaire did the eighteenth." The nineteenth century has not unfittingly been called "The Victor Hugo century." George Sand, his woman colleague, shall I say, in the realm of philosophy, was said to be ever "battling with institutions. She traveled various roads but all of them leading to Utopia." "I write books," she said, "hoping to make people less unhappy." Again she said,

The dogma of Hell is a monstrosity, an imposture, a barbarism. It is impious to doubt God's infinite pity and to think that he will not always pardon even the most guilty of men.

She believed firmly in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul. She herself said:

"I see future and eternal life before me as a certainty. It is like a light and, thanks to its brilliancy, other things cannot be seen,—but the light is there and that is all I need."

Of Lamartine it has been said: "In place of the poet's lyre with seven chords, the muse gave him the human heart to play on with all its strings."

But if these children of light are to be excluded from the story of France and that of the French people under a bill of exceptions, if we grant that they are but brilliant spots on a stupid or degraded level of life, my point would still not be poorly maintained, that France has been the home of potencies that honor it as the home of dreams and glorify it as the land of ideals.

I was told the other day of a workingman in poor clothes who was listening to a stranger pleading the cowardly arguments for "security," arguing for better "protection." He asked of the stranger sitting next to him, "Who is that man?" "Why, he is a well known college man whose name is familiar to all college men from ocean to ocean." And the laboring man exclaimed, "Why, that man has not as many ideals as I have!" I do not know whether that workingman was a Frenchman in the body or not, but he was a characteristic Frenchman in the spirit. He was a spiritual descendant of Millet, of Madame de Staël, of Victor Hugo, of Renan, aye of Rouget de l'Isle, defender of an ideal, who wrote the Marseillaise.

Here I must tell once more a story which I love to repeat. I told it last week to a group of Quaker students in Iowa and I expect soon to go up in Northern Wisconsin and tell it to six hundred students in a Catholic High School. As the nineteenth century was drawing to a close, a French editor took a newspaper vote on the question, "Who was the greatest Frenchman in the nineteenth century?" It is said that a million and a half votes were sent in and they came from the humblest of peasants and those high in rank and from all along the line between. When these votes were counted, to the surprise of everyone,—and perhaps to no one more than the editor himself,—it was found that the name first on the list was not that of a crowned head, not a man of the sword, not a man on horseback, no captain of industry, master of finance, philosopher, sage, poet or orator, but an obscure man of the laboratory, one who had spent his days in dealing with solvents and lenses, a man who had traced disease to its lair, who had stood between the French peasant and the pest that was destroying his vines,—Pasteur, greatest of nineteenth century Frenchmen! The next name on the honor roll was that of one whom once France could not endure, whom Paris while he lived, spewed out of its mouth, banishing for eighteen years the man who chose to be the unfrocked bishop of exiles, the man who interpreted the last days of the condemned, the great throbbing humanitarian, Victor Hugo. The third name was that of one who perhaps did more than any other one man to secure the general electorate and plant the republic of France on a permanent basis,—Gambetta. Fourth on the list appeared the small, mean, little, diminishing, disappearing, rapidly being forgotten Napoleon Bonaparte. Should such a vote be taken in the middle of the twentieth century, I venture to say that even college graduates would ask, "Well, who is he? What did he ever do to be remembered?" This vote was the heart of France, showing who are the men it wears upon its breast as its heroes and its representatives.

Am I not justified in saying that France is the home of dreamers? My plea could perhaps be more effective than I am making it if I were to use the remainder of my time in quoting from this great humanitarian, Victor Hugo, who has enriched not only France but the reading world with his mountainous stories, "Les Miserables," "Notre Dame de Paris," "Ninety-Three," and the others. These books have burst the bounds of fiction and become historic studies, criterions of art, handbooks of morals and the resource of the devout, where a soul may saturate itself in the divine harmonies of love, hope and faith. In his "Ninety-Three" he says:

"Amnesty is to me the grandest word in the human language."

And again he says to the agitator and disturber:

"If we are to lose the privilege of pardoning of what use is it to conquer?"

An accurate adjustment of proportions is a good thing, but harmony is still better. The lyre stands higher than the scales. Your republic deals with the material interests of man, mine transports him to the skies. Equity stands higher than justice.

These are the rungs in the ladder that leads to God: "Father, mother, master, city, country, humanity." Here is where we begin to meet God face to face in the great cathedral of humanity.

He makes a man say to his daughter: "You would have military service obligatory." And so say some of our college presidents and superintendents of schools yet. But Hugo adds:

I demand the same for education. You dream of man the soldier, I of man the citizen. You wish him to strike terror; I would have him thoughtful. You would have a republic of swords, while I would like to establish a republic of minds.

Victor Hugo's books are books of democracy. He says, "Women may be weak, but mothers are strong."

"Speak liberty to the intellect, equality to the heart, fraternity to the soul, and you would re-establish democracy."

But I can give no more time that these great children of genius might speak for themselves.

Bartholdi's statue of Liberty in New York harbor is the product, more or less successful, of one genius in sculpture, but this is the smaller fact that lies back of the glory and power of that statue. Other sculptors might do as well or better, other nations have produced great masters in clay, but that bronze figure holds aloft the torch of liberty inviting the world because of the contributions of the French people, the peasants' coppers, the silver of the bourgeois, the gold of the rich. It was a popular contribution coming out of the heart of the sister republic that is now drenched in blood, its surface scarred by trenches, its homes marred by cruel barred wire obstructions. Sometimes I wonder if, after all, when this war is over, as it will be some day, the columns of republicanism, the conquering triumphs of democracy may not be led,—not by the favored United States, so boastful of its freedom, so smug with its "Monroe Doctrine," which it stands for in letter and violates in spirit,—but by this dreaming republic of Europe. Perhaps France will yet lead in the way that will bring at the end of the twenty-first century a Europe without crowns, without thrones, without standing armies, without fortifications and battleships that link the civilization of the twentieth century with the brutality of the Dark Ages. May we not hope that the end of the twenty-first century may be illumined with an international compact such as these French dreamers have prophesied, an international court for which Victor Hugo pleaded with such eloquence as President of the First World Peace Congress, held in Paris in 1849? At the end of his address the Catholic Archbishop of Paris fell into the arms of the great radical preacher, M. Cocquerell, the forerunner of Charles Wagner, and they wept on each other's shoulders, so moved were they by the prophecy of an international comity that would bind not only the nations but the religions of the world together in loving co-operation. Says Hugo fittingly:

"Men of genius form a dynasty, indeed there is no other. They wear all the crowns, even those of thorns."

In that eloquent introducton which Hugo wrote for his sons translation of Shakespeare into French, we find this characteristic story. The exiles were gathered together in the house at Guernsey. Father and son sat on the porch one evening in the quiet twilight. Said the son, "How long do you think the exile will last?" The father said, "A long, long while." Said the son, "What are you going to do meanwhile?" "I will watch the waves and rejoice in their splendor and freedom," answered the father. Said the son, "I am going to translate Shakespeare into French," and competent critics say that he has achieved a most wonderful translation, while the father furnished a radiant introduction which is really a study of genius in its power. In this he says, speaking of the poverty of history:

Of Fernando Cortez, who ravaged America, history speaks; but not of Martin Behaim, who guessed its existence.

If a man has "cut to pieces" his fellow-men, if he has "put them to the edge of the sword," if he has "made them bite the dust,"—horrible phrases, which have grown hideously familiar,—whatever this man's name may be, you will find it in history. Search there for the name of him who invented the compass,—you will not find it!

He glories in the rise of that other man who will bring about

"The diminution of the men of war, of violence, of prey; the indefinite and superb expansion of the men of thought and of peace; the entrance of the real giants upon the scene of action: this is one of the greatest facts of our great era."

Then he cries:

Lift up your eyes, the supreme drama is enacting! The legions of light are in full pursuit of the hordes of flame.

The masters are going out, the liberators are coming in.

The hunters of men, the trailers of armies, Nimrod, Sennacherib, Cyrus, Rameses, Xerxes, Cambyses, Attila, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Alexander, Cæsar, Bonaparte,—all these vast, ferocious men are vanishing.

Slowly they flicker out; now they touch the horizon; mysteriously the darkness attracts them; they have kinship with the shades,—hence their fatal descent; their resemblance to the other phenomena of night draws them on to this dreadful union with blind immensity—submersion of all light. Oblivion, that shadow of darkness, awaits them.....

While smitten with the fatal wanness of approaching doom, the flamboyant pleiad of the men of violence descends the steep slope to the gulf of devouring time; lo! at the other extremity of space, where the last cloud has but now faded, in the deep sky of the future, azure forevermore, rises, resplendent, the sacred galaxy of the true stars,—Job, Homer, Aeschylus, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Phidias, Socrates, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Washington . . . . and this marvellous constellation, brighter from moment to moment, radiant as a tiara of celestial diamonds, shines in the clear horizon, and, as it rises, blends with the boundless dawn of Jesus Christ."

Father, touched by the inspirations that come to us from Thy noble children, with the power that radiates from Thy heroes of heart and head, may we go forth from this place to live in the republic of love, to work for the democracy of reason, to establish Thy kingdom in the hearts of Thy children everywhere. Amen.

MISTAH TROUBLE.

Ol' Mistah Trouble, he come aroun' one day,
An' say: "I gwineter git you, so you better run away!
I likes to see you hustle. Dat's de way I has my fun.
I knows I kin ketch up to you, no matter how you run."

I says: "Mistah Trouble, you has been a-chasin' me
Ever since I kin remember, an' I'se tired as I kin be.
So I'se gwineter stop right yere an' turn aroun', a-facin' you,
An' lick you if I kin, an' fin' out jus' what you kin do."

Ol' Mistah Trouble, he looked mightily ashamed,
He acted like a buckin' hoss dat's suddenly been tamed.
An' den he turned an' traveled off, a-hollerin', "Good-day;
I ain't got time to fool aroun' wif folks dat acts dat way."

—*Washington Star.*

The Booklover

HENRI FABRE.

Only a few days ago there passed from earth one of the loftiest and noblest souls that has lent divinity to our dust in these later times. Little note was made of the event, but when long time has sped by and the awful war is a sad echo in the world, the name of Henri Fabre will shine like a white star. For fifty years he worked in obscurity, and not until the fogs and senilities of age had gathered thick about him did he win fame. But that did not matter, for he cared not for fame and needed not the applause of men to do his work.

Born in the tiny town of St. Leon, of parents the poorest of the poor, he grew up used to the hard ways of the poor, and for years was an humble teacher in the primary schools of France. At last, at the age of fifty-six, out of small savings he was able to buy a modest home, a wee bit of a place at Serignan, and there for thirty years he worked, assisted by his son Paul and a few of his pupils—among them his biographer, Legros—studying the minute civilization of the insects. Patiently he jotted down what he learned, and these notes, wrought into books written with unconscious art, make one of the most fascinating libraries in this or any age.

Truly did Maeterlinck call him "the Homer of the Insects," for he was a man of science with the soul of a poet and the heart of a seer—and it was from him that Maeterlinck received the impulse and the materials for his "Life of the Bee." From him Pasteur learned much, and Darwin saw him as a peer and made constant use of his researches, as did Bergson later. Best of all, he was a great, beautiful soul. His biography by Legros (Century Co.) is a volume of shining pages, made vital by a thousand human touches that evoke laughter and tears, with here and there, like swift flashes of spirit-lights, a passage that sends a ray of light into the deep mystery of the world.

Fabre was a master of a style lucid as skylight, pithy, full of color as a painter's shop, and his books are already classic. He wrote of beetles and flies and bees and grubs and weevils and scorpions, and makes you see them in habit as they live, and love, and fight, and sing, and die. He shows their incredible ingenuity as potters, weavers, architects. He reveals the miracle of instinct and the amazing precision of its automatic intelligence. One has only to read his "Life and Love of the Insect" (Macmillan Co.) to have a new sense of the wonder of the little soft populations that inhabit the grass, the leaf, and even the dung heap.

Such tiny creatures have their work and their work in the great scheme of things. They freshen the earth. Without them, it is likely great, proud man could not exist for long. They work for a brief day and pass, and no more see the end of their labors than does man. His essay on the scorpion is unforgetable. In his chapter on the weevil, older as a species than the giantesque monsters of the prime, he brings before us, as a true poet, the majesty and awful mystery of life and time. He makes us see our own life and love and labor as but the repetition in the large of these tiny peoples at our feet. They are, to us, possibly to themselves, as piteous, as funny as we.

Following the lucid, limpid style of Fabre, one discovers a new hemisphere of life, where uncountable forms of being toil and moil and come in the end, and quickly, to dust. Yet as you read the romance of the Spider, the Fly, the Grasshopper, you come, somehow ere you know it, to a new sense of an end beyond an end toward which we and they and all things are moving. Therefore *sursum corda,* for there cannot be an urge that shall end nowhere, in nothing. The infinite intelligence which takes such tiny forms and achieves such astonishing feats reveals "God first, God last, God infinitesmimally vast," the while you come to know a human soul so simple, so artless, so lovely, and a genius as rare, surely, as ever the round world has known.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

FATHERLAND.

There is no sword in my hand
Where I watch oversea.
Father's land, mother's land,
What will you say of me
Who am blood of your German blood
Through and through,
Yet would not, if I could,
Slaughter for you?
What will you say of one
Who has no heart
Even to cheer you on?
No heavens art,
No guiding God appears
To *my* strained eyes.
Athwart the fog of fears
And hates and lies
I see no goal, I mark
No ringing message flying;
Only a brawl in the dark
And death and the groans of the dying.

For you, your men of dreams
And your strong men of deeds
Crumble, and die with screams.
And under hoofs like weeds
Are trampled; for you,
In city and on hill
Voices you knew
And needed are still.
And roundabout
Harbor and shoal
The lights of your soul
Go out.

To what end, O Fatherland?
I see your legions sweep
Like waves up the gray strand,
I hear your women weep.
And the sound is as the groaning
Swish of ebbing wave—
A nation's pitiful moaning
Beside an open grave.
Ah, Fatherland, not all
Who love you most,
Armed to triumph or fall,
March with your mighty host.
Some there are yet, as I,
Who stand apart,
And with aching heart
Ponder the whither and why
Of the tragic story,
Asking with bated breath,
Which way lies glory,
And which way, death.

—Hermann Hagedorn, in "Poetry."

Give Them Your Sympathy and Reverence

Whom? The weak, the indolent, the poor, the vicious, the intemperate, the fallen, the criminal. We should remember that we, who call ourselves the strong and fortunate, are even more to blame for the vice, poverty, intemperance, prostitution and crime than these fallen ones, who are the victims of these evils.

It is not those who, with minds as dark as the night, under the cover of which they commit their crimes, are the most guilty; but society, which has created, and continues to permit, this darkness of ignorance.

The large majority of men and women go with the stream. If this stream (of human desire and activity) flows on toward the ocean, the great, shoreless ocean of righteousness, truth, and love, they go with that. But if the stream flows on (as alas, it often does) only to be lost in the marshes or deserts of selfishness and sin, they go with that.

There are some who are born good. They have a genius for goodness as some have a genius for mechanics, painting, poetry, architecture or sculpture. Some men are born with a genius for discovery and adventure. They possess an unconquerable will; they brush aside danger, poverty, illness, defeat, disgrace, scorn like so many cobwebs. But the multitudes, the average men and women, as I have before intimated, refract the rays of those suns and stars, which pour upon them, social, moral, mental, artistic. It is not implied by this statement that these common men and women do not have the divine restlessness, that mysterious urge which Bernard Shaw calls "the appetite for perfection," for they all possess it, and to it we may make our appeal. And therefore when they do go wrong we should seek to find the *cause* and remove it.

I do not mean that we can obliterate the eternal distinction between good and evil. It may be that some men are great enough to be "immoralists," as Nietzsche calls them, those who leave aside the conventional moralities and make for themselves a new path, men like Balzac, Montaigne, Rabelais, or Emerson. But no higher type of morality will ever supersede the necessity of temperance, modesty, chastity, courage, kindness, and when men leave these qualities for vice, laziness and sensuality, be assured we can find an adequate cause, for nothing is uncaused. There is no strange act or thought, no hidden wish or errant dream, but has its cause. Somewhere in the mysterious and shadowy depths of the human spirit these divine ideals or brutal desires have their inevitable origin.

There may be hereditary causes, remnants of a thousand ancestral habits, for these deeds and desires. Those who are born with a healthy brain will be virtuous, while others, born with a diseased brain, will be vicious. We know some are born with bodily decrepitudes or deformations. May not some be born with decrepitudes or deformations of the spirit? We recognize that noble qualities are transmitted, but forget that base qualities are also transmitted.

Then there is the influence of environment or conditions. Can a maiden, as society is today, who is forced to dress in mean and shabby clothes, keep her self-respect? Can she keep her soul white and stainless? But change the conditions and almost immediately you change the man or woman.

There is also an inevitable connection between ignorance and evil. A good school is the enemy of poverty and vice. It is said we need more love. True. But we especially need more light to guide this love. We cannot have too many schools.

Remember, then, these facts as men and women go wrong, and do not condemn them too severely. Seek to know their temptations, their surroundings, the paths of habit in which they walk, their associates, their material wants, and the direction of their ambitions, passions and pleasures.

For, as I have shown, these seeds of lust and shame bursting into hideous flower, may have rootlets or tentacles which stretch far into the illimitable and shadowy past.

It is not, I believe, the crucifixion of Christ which should move us most, but the crucifixion of humanity —the pain and sorrow of the world. And to these upon whom this pain and sorrow come most heavily, we should extend our sympathy and compassion. We should help them to obliterate their ugly past and to begin a new life.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

WAR.

I am War.

I do no good—I know not God. And yet men follow me.

I act, but I do not think. The wounds I make I do not heal.

The destruction I have wrought I never rebuild.

And the babble of the nations is my breath of life,

And the ruin of a people is the loveliest jewel in my crown.

(Can you hear the women's tears?)

Every product of my brain is a hand-maid to Desolation, for I have hung on the gentle winds of heaven black and ugly wings that hurry doom,

And the caverns of the silk-green sea beneath which I creep, hungry for death, are the tombs of those I have stricken unawares.

And the blossomed plains which I, the God of Grief, harry and despoil stare blankly to the stars.

A million men, an hour ago the Greathearts of their time, are my toll.

And women, with mourning on their heads and midnight in their hearts, beseech me but do not move.

And children unlearned in laughter, wise in woe, bear witness to my reddened reign.

And, while I bestride the field, my heavy hand shutters with gloom once happy homes.

(Can you hear the women's tears?)

At my brass-throated call, assagai and ataghan strike home, and with grenade and gun men mock the Brotherhood of Man.

When I trample the earth, the architecture of the centuries falls,

And the songs that poets would have sung are stilled,

And in literature there is a cruel and unlovely note.

To my harsh music I lead forth the armies in battle array, but I am blind forever to the sackcloth and ashes always at my heel.

Men come to me for counsel and heed the things I say. I pander to their avarice and greed—I leave them empty-handed.

I produce nothing, I accomplish nothing and yet they follow me!

I break, I kill, I leave them cold and stalk with lampless eyes that vainly question heaven—and yet they follow me.

(Can you hear the women's tears?)

They follow me along my path and take no knowledge of the milestones, which are arson, and pillage and chaos to the end.

I am become their King.

Behold me! I know not God. I am War!

—*James Hay, Jr.*

The American Red Cross Magazine, November, 1915.

John Dewey's Vision of Democratic Freedom in the Schools of To-Morrow

American schools must be revolutionized from the first grade on, Professor John Dewey informs us in one of the most significant studies of educational conditions that has appeared in recent years,* in order that they may in reality and not merely in theory become the cradle of democracy. Democracy and education, he explains in his concluding chapter, are interdependent. A democratic society is an impossibility without a special training for it. And the schools of yesterday, and most of the schools of today, have been the heritage of an age of aristocratic traditions. "The conventional type of education which trains children to docility and obedience, to the careful performance of imposed tasks because they are imposed regardless of where they lead, is suited to an autocratic society. These are the traits needed in a state where there is one head to plan and care for the lives and institutions of the people."

But in a democracy such traits, according to Professor Dewey, interfere with the successful conduct of society and the government. In a democracy, responsibility for the conduct of society and the government rests on every member of society. Dr. Dewey elucidates:

"Every one must receive a training that will enable him to meet this responsibility, giving him just ideas of the condition and needs of the people collectively, and developing those qualities which will insure his doing a fair share of the work of government. If we train our children to take orders, to do things simply because they are told to, and fail to give them confidence to act and think for themselves, we are putting an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of overcoming the present defects of our system and of establishing the truth of democratic ideals. Our State is founded on freedom, but when we train the State of tomorrow, we allow it just as little freedom as possible. Children in school must be allowed freedom so that they will know what its use means when they become the controlling body, and they must be allowed to develop active qualities of initiative, independence, and resourcefulness, before the abuses and failures of democracy will disappear.

"The spread of the realization of this connection between democracy and education is perhaps the most interesting and significant phase of present educational tendencies. It accounts for the growing interest in popular education, and constitutes a strong reinforcement to the argument of science and psychology for the changes which have been outlined. There is no doubt that the text-book method of education is well suited to that small group of children who by environment are placed above the necessity of engaging in practical life and who are at the same time interested in abstract ideas. But even for this type of person the system leaves great gaps in his grasp of knowledge; it gives no place the part that action plays in the development of intelligence, and it trains along the lines of the natural inclinations of the student and does not develop the practical qualities which are usually weak in the abstract person. For the great majority whose interests are not abstract, and who have to pass their lives in some practical occupation, usually in actually working with their hands, a method of education is necessary which bridges the gap between the purely intellectual and theoretical sides of life and their own occupations. With the spread of the ideas of democracy, and the accompanying awakening to social problems, people are beginning to realize that every one, regardless of the class to which he happens to belong, has a right to demand an education which shall meet his own needs, and that for its own sake the State must supply this demand."

In what way are these required changes to be brought about? One of the chief changes, as we learn, must be the substitution of an active for a passive method of learning. This method of teaching necessitates greater freedom for the pupil; but this very freedom is a positive factor in the intellectual and moral development of the pupils. When memory is relied upon as the principal tool for acquiring knowledge, when the child is rewarded when memory is successful and punished by failure and low marks when it is not, the inevitable system of reward and punishment becomes one of the worst deterrents to the development of the democratic virtues. "The virtues that the good scholar will cultivate are the colorless, negative virtues of obedience, docility and submission. By putting himself in an attitude of complete passivity he is more able to give back just what he heard from the teacher or read in the book."

"Rewards and high marks are at best artificial aims to strive for; they accustom children to expect to get something besides the value of the product for work they do. The extent to which schools are compelled to rely upon these motives shows how dependent they are upon motives which are foreign to truly moral activity. But in the schools where children are getting their knowledge by doing things, it is presented to them through all their senses and carried over into acts; it needs no feat of memory to retain what they find out; the muscles, sight, hearing, touch, and their own reasoning processes all combine to make the result part of the working equipment of the child. Success gives a glow of positive achievement; artificial inducements to work are no longer necessary, and the child learns to work from love of the work itself, not for a reward or because he is afraid of a punishment. Activity calls for the positive virtues—energy, initiative, and originality—qualities that are worth more to the world than even the most perfect faithfulness in carying out orders. The pupil sees the value of his work and so sees his own progress, which spurs him on to further results. In consequence his mistakes do not asume undue importance or discourage him. He can actively use them as helps in doing better next time. Since the children are no longer working for rewards, the temptation to cheat is reduced to the minimum. There is no motive for doing dishonest acts, since the result shows whether the child has done the work, the only end recognized. The moral value of working for the sake of what is being done is certainly higher than that of working for rewards, and while it is possible that a really bad character will not be reformed by being placed in a situation where there is nothing to be gained excepting through an independent and energetic habit of work, the weak character will be strengthened and the strong one will

* Schools of To-Morrow. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York; E. P. Dutton and Company.

not form any of those small bad habits that seem so unimportant at first and that are so serious in their cumulative effect."

Professor Dewey points out the danger that the concentrated interests of business men and their influential activity in public matters will segregate training for industry, to the damage both of democracy and of education. "Educators must insist on the primacy of educational values, not in their own behalf but because these represent the more fundamental interests of society, especially of a society organized on a democratic basis. The primary and fundamental problem is not to prepare individuals to work at particular callings but to be vitally and sincerely interested in the calling upon which they must enter if they are not to be social parasites, and to be informed as to the social and scientific bearings of that calling." It would be fatal for American democracy, this radical educator and philosopher goes on to point out, were there to be one system for the children of parents who have more leisure and another for the children of those who are wage-earners. "The physical separation forced by such a scheme, while unfavorable to the development of a proper mutual sympathy, is the least of its evils. Worse is the fact that the over-bookish education for some and the over-practical education for others brings about a division of mental and moral habits, of ideals and outlook." He concludes:

"The academic education turns out future citizens with no sympathy for work done with the hands, and with absolutely no training for understanding the most serious of present-day social and political difficulties. The trade training will turn out future workers who may have greater immediate skill than they would have had without their training, but who have no enlargement of mind, no insight into the scientific and social significance of the work they do, no education which assists them in finding their way on or in making their own adjustments. A division of the public school system into one part which pursues traditional methods, with incidental improvements, and another which deals with those who are to go into manual labor means a plan of social predestination totally foreign to the spirit of a democracy.

"The democracy which proclaims equality of opportunity as its ideals requires an education in which learning and social application, ideas and practice, work and recognition of the meaning of what is done, are united from the beginning and for all. Schools such as we have discussed in this book—and they are rapidly coming into being in large numbers all over the country—are showing how the ideal of equal opportunity for all is to be transmuted into reality."

—*Current Opinion.*

The Bible Mother Gave Me

(*Written by a Friend.*)

When I was a child of twelve my mother gave me a Bible and wrote my name in it. She also wrote the words: "Read it carefully and earnestly with prayer and a desire to profit by its teachings, remembering the way often narrow is also so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, will not err therein. He who truly loves and serves God must love and serve those whom God has created."

She also quoted Numbers vi., 24-27: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

I have been young and now I am old, and this Bible has been of great use to me. But I do not read the book as a whole. I read mainly what my mother herself used to read to me or in my presence, and what my friends read. We are all influenced by our associates.

The Bible of any man or woman is that portion of the book which enters into the daily life and thoughts. If certain chapters are read and re-read to the exclusion of all others, those chapters in time become in effect the whole Bible.

During a certain year of my life I read the Bible in a careful and somewhat critical manner, making notes on every book, and at times on nearly every chapter. Ten years later I studied my notes, and was surrised to find that I could not agree with myself. To disagree with one's self is to be made aware of the folly of controversy with other people about such matters.

In the front of our Bible we keep a loose sheet of writing paper. On this sheet we write the favorite chapters of visiting friends and acquaintances, as opportunity offers. It is noteworthy that such chapters are always suitable for family or public reading. These notes, for years past, have been dated, and now recall to us precious memories and faces.

Our so-called family reading list contains as many chapters from the Old Testament as from the New Testament, though mother read more from the Gospels and from Psalms than from other books, as I remember. Still she had many other favorite chapters.

The family reading list, as an idea, should be encouraged, and I think the list should be home-made; that is, selected by each family to meet the family needs. If a few Bible chapters are chosen at the outset, others will soon suggest themselves, and in time the list will possess the valuable associations and memories above mentioned. *S. E. P.*

Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

BIRTH.

How hardly we are born! Yet with what skill
Does Nature trace the paths we are to tread!
How oft a singing bird, how oft a flower,
A star, a wave of pain which no control
Suffices for—and we awake to find
Our feet on stranger ground 'neath unknown skies
With days which span a life in one small hour
Pregnant with Destiny!

Where roads divide, what dazed bewilderment
Rises like mist and covers us anon
Till we are safely passed beyond the line
Of conscious choice;—till looking back we see
How oft a singing bird, how oft a flower,
A star, a wave of pain which no control
Suffices for—are Nature's subtle ways
Of bringing us to life.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION.

Boston, October 25, 1915.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the World Peace Foundation is printing in its serial pamphlets all the official documents concerning neutral rights and freedom of commerce and navigation that have passed between this country and belligerent nations since August 1, 1914. Four of these pamphlets have already been published and another will soon be ready.

The documents and correspondence have been classified under the following subjects:

1. Typical Proclamations of Neutrality by the United States.
2. American Neutrality Explained and Defended.
3. War Zones, or Strategic Areas.
4. Interference with American trade with neutrals by the Powers of the Quadruple Entente.
5. Foodstuffs cargo of the Wilhelmina in the British prize court.
6. German and Austrian attitude toward American trade.
7. The Sinking of the William P. Frye.
8. The Sinking of the Lusitania, with the cases of the Falaba, Gulflight, Cushing, Nebraskan, etc.

The documents will also include the Dumba letters, the Declaration of London and its modifications, and other material of a similar nature.

The five pamphlets will cover about 200 pages, and as new material appears it will be published in future serial issues. A copy of each of these pamphlets will be sent free to any address, and they can be secured in quantity at the rate of five dollars per hundred.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES H. LEVERMORE,
Acting Chief Director.

A BURMAN MITE.

The British Chancellor's recent statement that England would have to contribute half of its normal income to the war has not yet been reported in distant Burma, but there is no need that it be repeated there. Rumor of war reached there months ago, and at least one village has responded with its supreme offering—the total sum of its available wealth. In the heart of Burma England is a land unseen and unknown, but from that land come white men who for unknown reasons strive continually to make life more pleasant for the natives. It is meet that gratitude should be expressed when need comes. In the *Yale Review* L. P. Jenks gives a well auhenticated story of how gratitude was expressed on one occasion, learned from a civil officer in one of the remoter districts of Burma:

One early morning not long ago this officer found an ancient Burman squatting on his heels in front of the bungalow, whom he recognized as the headman of a village distant fifty miles away in the hills. Questioned by the officer as to the purpose for which he had undertaken so long a journey through the jungle, the old man replied as follows:

"*Thakin* (master) my villagers wish to make some return for the favors bestowed upon us by the British Government. The Government has lessened our taxes, killed the leopards, given us good water, and appointed a most discriminating policeman to visit us when need shall arise. And now I am come to tell you that we have in our village eight guns, ancient and well tried, and all held under a license granted by the most honorable *Thakin;* we have also four pounds of excellent gunpowder in a bottle, and a bag of bullets; these being neither more nor less than the *Thakin's* license permits us to hold. Moreover, there are in our village two trackers who have proved their skill in the capture of dacoits.

"*Thakin,* we have heard a rumor that the British Government is in great trouble with its enemies. Wherefore our villagers have empowered me to say that the eight guns, bottle of gunpowder, the bag of bullets, and the two trackers are freely at the disposal of the British Government."

THE SCHOOL BANK IN ACTION.

Pleasure and profit are rarely combined so admirably in any institution, it would seem, as in the school-bank. In grammar-schools and high schools where this innovation has been tried, only the best of results were reported by all concerned—scholars, instructors and the local banker who stands behind the project. The boys and girls learn thrift and have the delightful sense of ownership; they learn to save, while they are having the fun of running a real bank account, and having to draw real checks and make deposits; the pupil teaches his parents and stores up for his own family of the next generation the principles of forethought and saving, at the same time that he is enjoying a feeling of freedom and independence never experienced before he had "money of his own in the bank." Such, we learn, are the blessings of the school savings bank. In a little pamphlet entitled "Five Practical Plans for Operating a School Savings Bank," issued by the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers' Association, from the office of its Secretary, E. G. McWilliam, 5 Nassau Street, New York City, we find assurances of even more emphatic nature. The purpose of such systems is to make the school an adjunct of the bank and to make the bank a part of the school. All the five schemes outlined are based on a free reciprocation between these institutions.

The school bank, we are told, is "the lengthened shadow" of its originator, the late John H. Thiry, a Belgian born American, and is modeled after systems already in vogue in Germany, Belgium and France. Mr. Thiry came from a country where, in happier days, the children were early taught that waste was almost the one unforgivable crime. To give freely, to offer hospitality to the limit of one's resources, to answer the need of a friend with the last crumb and copper—these were virtues ranking only slightly above the art of never wasting an atom of good, chattels or money. We are told that—

Mr. Thiry early became impressed with the extravagance of the American children, and concluded, rightfully, that improvidence in youth means improvidence, and perhaps poverty, in old age; and if habits of thrift are not learned in youth, the chances are against their acquirement later in life. He sought a remedy, and found that it lay in one of two (or both) places—the home and the schoolroom. Being a trustee of the public schools of Long Island City, to which place he had retired after a successful career in New York as a dealer in old and rare books, he naturally turned his attention to the school as the most likely medium. The school teaches other things—why not thrift? was his argument.

He found no difficulty whatever in gaining the consent of his fellow trustees to try the experiment. It succeeded; and up to the time of his death in 1911, Mr. Thiry was the school savings bank's best friend, its ardent and constant advocate, and its only statistician, even copyrighting his forms so as to keep in touch with those who would use them. Wherever it has been given a fair test it has not only succeeded, but has won the admiration of all. Bank men and

educators have looked upon it and pronounced it good; New York has legalized it; a bank commissioner for Massachusetts has advocated its introduction into every public school of the State, having after extended inquiry into the subject officially indorsed it as a factor of no mean importance in the promotion of thrift in the commonwealth.—*Literary Digest.*

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"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone."

Program

NOV. 15, 1915, 11:00 A. M.

The Dawn of a World Federation.....
.....Dr. Rowena Morse Mann
Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Blvd. and Langley Ave.

JAN. 17, 1916, 11:00 A. M.

THE MESSIAH—
Jewish—Rabbi Abraham Hirschberg.
Christian—Rev. Charles W. Gilkey.
Christian Science—Rev. Glenn A. Kratzer.
Psychological—Dr. Edward S. Ames.
Hyde Park Baptist Church, Woodlawn and 56th St.

MARCH 20, 1916, 11:00 A. M.

The Present Aspect of the Race Question:

Japanese } ..Prof. Herbert L. Willett
Chinese }
Filipinos.....Mrs. Elbert Ellis Smith
The Negro in America.....
.....Speaker to be announced
B'nai Sholom Temple Israel
5301 South Michigan Ave.

MAY 15, 1916, 11:00 A. M.

Parables.....Horace J. Bridges
Third Unitarian Church,
3214 West Monroe St.

THRIFT

WHAT THE CHILDREN THINK OF IT—HOW ADULTS WOULD HAVE IT TAUGHT.

S. W. Straus of Chicago, president of the American Society for Thrift, will finance a committee appointed by the N. E. A. at Oakland to study the methods by which instruction in thrift may be given in the public schools. He also offers prizes in two essay contests, one for school children and one open to adults.

It is proposed that the children in each school in the counties and in the cities write in contests arranged by the state and county superintendents and by city superintendents. These essays should be written by December 1st in these local contests. Ten of the best essays are to be selected by the state superintendent in each state and sent to the office of the Secretary of the N. E. A. by March 1st, and announcement of the prize winners will be made before the schools close in the spring. One hundred dollars is the first prize, $50 the second prize, $25 to each of the third and fourth best, and $10 to each of the five next best.

The first prize in the adult contest is $750; second prize $250 and third prize $100. Essays should not exceed 5,000 words and six typewritten copies must be submitted. The committee in charge is:

Arthur H. Chamberlain, secretary, California Council of Education, San Francisco, Cal.

Robert H. Wilson, state superintendent of public instruction, Oklahoma City, Okla.

J. A. Bexall, dean, School of Commerce, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

John D. Shoop, assistant superintendent of schools, Chicago, Ill.

S. W. Straus, president, American Society for Thrift, Chicago, Ill.

Henry R. Daniel, secretary, American Society for Thrift, Chicago, Ill.

Milo H. Stuart, principal, Manual Training High School, Indianapolis, Ind.

Kate Devereux, principal, Public School No. 6, Manhattan, N. Y.

C. H. Dempsey, superintendent of schools, Haverhill, Mass.

—*School and Home Education.*

SUNDAY WEATHER.

Dinna gang to kirk
When it rains,
Ye micht catch
Rheumatic pains!

Bide t' hame
When it's cauld,
Lest ye dee
When ye're auld!

The kirk's nae place
When it's hot,
The folks micht think
Ye cared a lot!

When it's fine
Leave the Lord.
Gang a-ridin'
In yer Ford!

Ye like kirk fine
Believe in God,
But cannae gae,
The weather's odd!

Ye're no to blame,
It's in ither hands,
Ye bet the Lord
Understands!

—*Bromide Smith, in the Congregationalist.* LL

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